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ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

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A Child's Prayer.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Sweeter than the songs of thrushes,
When the winds are low;
Brighter than the spring-time blushes,
Reddening out of snow,
Were the voice and cheek so fair,
Of the little child at prayer.

Like a white lamb of the meadow,
Beaming through the light;
Like a priestest in the shadow
Of the temple bright,
Seemed she, saying, Holy One,
Thine and not my will be done.

The Home of Mrs. Hemans.

We lay under contribution the columns of the "Church Journal," and extract from the letter of an American clergyman traveling in England, an interesting and well-written account of a visit to the house once occupied by Mrs. Hemans. On a fine Sunday morning, the gentleman found himself in a quiet town in Wales, where the agreeable incidents occurred, which he thus retales:—

"The Cathedral is the very plainest of its kind, but the choir is not without effective dignity and beauty. I attended the morning service, which was that of Pentecost, with exceeding pleasure; and yet I observed with pain, that except the children of the Sunday School, there were few present who were not, unmistakeably, of the high [illegible] are considered very respectable.—Where were the poor? The liveried servants of the neighboring gentry, in their powder and plush, were, perhaps, of the humblest class represented; but of course, they are not the people. I was pleased, however, to see several kneeling with their master's families at the Holy Communion. After service, I was lingering among the tombs, in the churchyard, and had particularly observed that of the excellent Bishop Barrow, when one of the clergy approached me, and said—'You are a clergyman, I'm sure; I beg you to come home with me to dinner!' Never was I so much surprised, in my life, by such a salutation. Welsh hospitality was proving more than a Highland welcome! I expressed my scruples to accept an invitation which was probably based on the idea that I was an Englishman, and a clergyman of the National Church; but only so much the more did my new acquaintance press me to dine with him, offering to take me after dinner to a little Welsh parish, in the mountains, where he promised that I should hear the service in Welsh, and also a Welsh sermon, from himself. So very attractive a bill it was impossible to resist, and presenting my card, I promised to be at the appointed place at the proper hour. But I little knew how great a pleasure was in store for me. I easily found my way to the house, which stood back from the road; a modest mansion, encircled with trees and shrubs. My friend himself opened the door, uttering a Welsh salutation, which he interpreted to me by a warm grasp of the hand, while he pointed to me a Welsh inscription on the wall; that text of the beloved disciple, which enjoins him who loves God, to love his brother also. I was yet in the first flush of grateful excitement when I was ushered into a small drawing-room, where a lady advanced, and gave me a cordial greeting. The clergyman introduced me to his wife, and to another lady who was with her, and pointing to a portrait on the wall, which I immediately recognized, said, 'You will, perhaps, be glad to know that you are in a poet's house, that this is the poet's likeness, and that my wife is the poet's sister.' I started, and said—'Can it be that this is Rhyllon?' I saw, in an instant, that I was so happy as to have found my way, in this manner, to the residence of the late Mrs. Hemans, and to an acquaintance with that sister, of twin genius, whose music is as widely known as some of the most popular of Mrs. Hemans' delightful lyrics. I was made to feel at home without further preface, and the dinner hour passed delightfully, in conversation suited to the day, and the services of the morning, with many recognitions of the power of our holy religion to obliterate differences of nationality and of education, and to bind entire strangers in practical brotherhood. The hour came to repair to the mountain sanctuary, which proved to be several miles distant, and the whole party [illegible] in a Welsh vehicle, of peculiar shape, but well suited to the road. As we began to ascend into the hills, a fine view of the vale of Clwyd presented itself. From the great mountain ranges, to the north and west, to the crowned crag on which rises the Castle of Denbigh, the eye took a majestic sweep over one of the loveliest valleys in Great Britain, and one full of romance and poetry. At last we came to the church, a most primitive little structure, of ancient date, with a mere bell-gable, instead of a tower and spire, but of a most ecclesiastical pattern in every respect. The villagers of Tremeirchion were crowding the door-way, and on entering, I found a large assembly of the Welsh peasantry, neatly attired, and exceeding intelligent in their appearance. A Welsh prayer-book was put into my hand, which, being a strict translation of the English, I was enabled to use, very profitably, in following the service. The whole was novel and attractive.

I observed some old tombs and monuments, and was particularly pleased to find the alter, the candlesticks, and the other parts of the church garnished with Pentecostal flowers—alike fragrant and suggestive of festive emotions, in harmony with the blessed day of the Holy Comforter. But the sweet and simple worship of the villagers absolutely enraptured me. Their responses were given in earnest, and their chants were particularly touching. I was especially pleased with the *Gloria Patra*, which as perpetually recurring, I soon caught up, and was able to sing with them in a language, of which in the morning, I had not known a word. Even now it lingers in my ear, with all the charms of that plaintive intonation which seemed to me characteristic of the Welsh tongue, and which singularly comports with its *prestige*, as the language of an ancient and romantic people, where nationality has never been subdued, notwithstanding the ages of its absorption into that of a stronger race."

Mount Sinai.

Professor Upham, in the Congregationalist, give the following account of Mount Sinai:

The plain of El Rahab, which has become an object of much interest to travelers in consequence of its connection with the Biblical history, is two miles and a half in length by an average of three-fourths of a mile in breadth; uneven in some places, but generally level; having a little herbage and some shrubs upon which camels and goats can feed; and suitable by means of its hard surface of clean gravel for the encampment of a people dwelling in tents. It is bounded at its south-eastern extremity by Mount Sinai, where it is approached and entered by the wide and level Wady, which bears the name of Esch Shekh. The Israelites, in their memorable march through the wilderness having met and defeated on their way the warlike Amalekites, appear to [illegible] through this Wady; filling not only the whole plain but some of the neighboring valley, in front of that dark and lofty mountain, which was soon to be robed with the lightnings and to be shaken with the voice of God.

It was into this plain that we had now descended from the rocky bosom of Niekeb Hawy. Monnt Sinai was before us. With such remembrances, and in sight of such localities, the mind would not be true to itself, if it did nct turn from the outward to the inward. On the side of the plain a flock of goats was feeding. Here and there a camel plucked the thistle that grew in the crevices of the cliffs. But the eye and the heart seemed to be closed to outward nature. Silent we rode over the plain, and in sight of this sacred mountain; listening to the secret aspirations of our immortal natures; thoughtful as if its fires were yet burning, and its mighty voices were even now sounding in our ears. Such a moment, striking deep by its suggestions and sympathies into man's moral and immoral nature, is an era in his life. If he is a Christian, he knows that the announcements made from that mountain and in presence of the vast multitude assembled upon the plain which he is traversing, have connections with his own destiny, which his own limited mind can not penetrate, and which are deep as the bosom of the Infinite.

It was at the close of the day when our camels came under that portion of Sinai, which bounds the south-eastern extremity of the plain. This part of Sinia, lifting itself perpendicularly above the plain, constitutes a distinct and lofty elevation.—The Arabs, in allusion to a few willow-trees which grow near it, have given it the name of the peak of Sussafeh. The last rays of the sun glittering on its rocky summit. Advancing a little farther, we descried at a small distance an opening in the mountains, which gave signs of the residence of men. That night we did not sleep in tents. The piety of primitive ages, holding in veneration the locality which God had honored, had erected a habitation. Entering the narrow valley between the eastern base of Sinai and the mountain E-Dayr, which bears the name of the valley of Shu-Eib, we made our way to the ancient convent of St. Catharine. Its solid walls reminded us of distant ages, when man had less confidence in his fellow-man. The monks opened its doors; and wearied by toils of the body, and hardly less by memories and emotions of the mind, we found a place of rest.

Startling Feat.

A Paris correspondence of the New York "Times" gives the following account of the latest amusement devised for the wonder-loving Parisians:

"The feat of jumping from a Balloon, the jumper sustained by an India-rubber rope, was duly performed on Thursday. It was the most stupendous exhibition of daring and address that the Parisians [illegible] permitted to witness. From one side of the car of the balloon hung the Indian-rubber cord descending 150 feet, and then returning and being fastened on the other side of the car. It thus formed a strong loop.

The *athelete* was dressed as Mercury; his body, from the neck to the small of his back, was enclosed in a framework which enabled him to endure the suspension without wrenching or dislocation. The rope passed through an eyelet in the middle of the back, placed so that he was held in perfect equilibrium. When the balloon had reached an altitude double that of the supposed elasticity of the cord, the voltigeur appeared on the edge of the car, looked over, and dove into space. The eyelet slipped along the rope so that the first 150 feet were a positive fall through the air without any resistance or break. The rest of the way was an elongation of the rope. It stretched four times its length, making, in all, a descent of 600 feet, accomplished in two seconds. After having attained its lowest point, the rope contracted once, perhaps two hundred feet, and then descended again. There was no further rebound and no oscillation; the voltigeur lay calmly, cradled in mid air, and probably spent the leisure he was now permitted to enjoy, in recovering his breath and contemplating the prospect. The æronant above now commenced on the windlas, and gradually wound his dangling friend up again. In four minutes he climbed over the side of the car, having made the fastest time that any human being has ever achieved, except such as have been shot from cannon, as Baron Munchausen said he was, I think. 600 feet in two seconds is at the rate of three miles and a half a minute. We are waiting now to see what will be done next.